

THE A. M. A. BAYONET



A BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION
of
AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY
FORT DEFIANCE, VIRGINIA

Augusta Tankmen Are Victors Over M.M.A.

Augusta Military Academy out swam the swimming team from Massanutten Military Academy in the Augusta Tank here Tuesday, January 28—51 to 14.

The Augusta swimmers took first in all events held. Grimm and Mann of Massanutten made only second places.

The events were as follows: Relay won by Augusta, time, one minute, fifty-six seconds; participants for Massanutten, Green, Keeker, Sklar, Mann; Augusta, Sigafos, Thomas, King, Graves.

50 yard breast stroke—Harley, Augusta, first; Gremm, Massanutten, second; time 36:2.

Daves, Harley, Augusta, first; Graves, Augusta, second; Coloenze, Massanutten, third.

50 yard free style—Kirn, Augusta first; King, Augusta second; Green, Massanutten, third; time 26.

220 yard—Goodwin, Augusta, first; Hargrave, Augusta, second; Dunstan, Massanutten, third; time 2:57.

50 yard back stroke—Taggart, Augusta, first; Mann, Massanutten, second; Adams, Augusta, third; time 35:3.

100 yard free style—Kirn, Augusta, first; Thomas, Augusta, second; Bailey, Massanutten, third; time 1:04(5).

Augusta Wins In Swimming Meet

The A. M. A.—Fishburne meet on Wednesday turned out in our favor by a score of 36 to 30. Augusta took four first places and three second places as compared with three first and one second place for Fishburne. Kirn showed up very brilliantly by setting the State Record

for the fifty yard dash, swimming it in 24.4 seconds.

The places taken by each team were as follows:

50 yard dash—1st, Kirn, A. M. A.; 2nd, Smith, F. M. S.; 3rd, Adams, A. M. A.

100 yard dash—1st, Del Lamotta, F. M. S.; 2nd, Smith, F. M. S.; 3rd King, A. M. A.

220 yard dash—1st, Anderson, F. M. S.; 2nd, Goodwin, A. M. A.; 3rd, Roulette, A. M. A.

50 yard back stroke—1st, Bond, F. M. S.; 2nd, Taggart, A. M. A.; 3rd, Adams, A. M. A.

50 yard breast-stroke—1st, Barnes, A. M. A.; 2nd Harley, A. M. A., 3rd, New, F. M. S.

Dives—1st, Harley, A. M. A.; 2nd, Braeley, F. M. S., 3rd, Stillman, F. M. S.

Relay—1st, A. M. A.

Sergeant Henton

Sgt. Henton, who came to A. M. A. last fall, was born September 29, 1889, in Syracuse, N. Y., where he attended school and graduated from high school. Leaving there he went around the world with the Mercantile Marines.

In 1914, when the war broke out, he joined the Canadian forces and went over seas. There he fought in many of the major battles that the Canadians took part in, such as Vinny ridge, the taking of Maines and Armentieres. He was wounded twice in these battles. During the latter part of the war he held the rank of Sgt.-Major. In 1922 he joined the American Army, rising soon to the rank of Sergeant.

Later he was transferred to Fort Banning as an instructor in the Infantry school.

He is acknowledged as Best Shot with the 6 pounder in the American Army, and is a great ladies' man.

A.M.A. and W.&L. Have Boxing and Wrestling Meet Here

Augusta was victorious over Washington and Lee University in the Augusta ring here Friday, January the 31, 6 to 1. Washington and Lee are winners in the wrestling match.

A. M. A. made a wonderful showing in both the boxing and wrestling matches and the outlook for the coming year is very good.

The events were as follows:

115—Davilla (A. M. A.) won from Gunter (W. & L.) 3rd round, decision.

125—Founds (A. M. A.) won from Messich (W. & L.) 3rd round, decision.

135—McClung (A. M. A.) won from Jarlson (W. & L.) 3rd round, decision.

145—Woods (A. M. A.) won from Pounds (W. & L.) foul.

158—Powell (A. M. A.) won from Bacon (W. & L.) Tech. K. O.

175—Collins (W. & L.) won from Bovee (A. M. A.) K. O.

Unlimited—Copps (A. M. A.) won from Ray (W. & L.) Tech. K. O.

Augusta Is Defeated By V.M.I. In Boxing

On Saturday the A. M. A. boxing team was defeated by V. M. I. by the very close score of 4 to 3. This meet was the first defeat of Augusta for the year. It was also the first match for many of the A. M. A. boxers.

Copps, Augusta's outstanding man for last season, was unable to be in the ring due to a bad shoulder. Augusta's outstanding feature for

(Continued on page six)

Profanity and Dimples

It is human nature to want to be noticed, to be talked about, to get into the spot-light. Some develop such a complex along this line that they go to the extreme of committing suicide merely to get a short write-up in the newspapers. There are others who, merely to attract the attention of their acquaintances, are daily committing social, moral, and cultural suicide by the unpardonably nauseating use of profanity.

Profanity is not a badge of manliness; it is a make-shift, a smoke-screen behind which the mankin attempts to hide his poverty-stricken reserve of wholesome speech. And the use of profanity in the presence of friends is a direct insult to worthwhile friendships. Also, profanity is inwardly degrading to one's nobler attributes; outwardly, it makes void one's passport to respectable society. It is the language of the hobo, the crook, the thug. The profane man is always the loser: he loses the respect of decent folk, and he loses respect for himself.

Have you not noticed that the profane man is usually the "little man," little physically and mentally? His much swearing, he believes, will divert notice from his imperfections. In such belief he is wrong: his profanity exaggerates his deficiencies all the more; for, failing to receive attention for his real worth, he stoops to the language of the depraved, the vernacular of the bawd.

It is up to him who is thoughtlessly guilty of the use of profane words to look himself square in the face, to see himself as he is seen by others, to measure himself as he is measured by others. He should know that there are more than four hundred thousand words in the English language; and, if he would rise above the mankin-plane and become a man, he will apply himself diligently to selecting a gentleman's diction; for he who resorts to profanity to get himself into the spotlight is like the flapper who depends upon a dimple on her knee to place her in the center of the stage: they both display the sign—NOT Many AT Home Up-Stairs.

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad from monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

We Tripped It Down The Avenue

I am a youth of eighteen years,
And healthfully in step;
I'm not the kind for shedding tears,
For tears wash out the pep.

Some call me sheik, but what care I
If others call me sap?
I like to hold a petting, sly,
Gay flapper on my lap.

I like to make the sweet things stare
When I stroll down the street,
For some of them are very rare—
The blonde ones, chic, petite.

The other day before me strolled
A female, shapely, trim;
At least, I had surmised from rolled
Silk hose on Venus limb.

Her pace was peppy, full of grace;
Her boyish bob, well done.
By faster step I'd face to face
Start up my sheikish fun.

We tripped it down the avenue
That wint'ry afternoon,
She keeping full in front the view
I'd overtake full soon.

Her dreamy skirt, her nifty hose,
Her legs in silhouette,
So long as crimson current flows,
Mine eyes shall ne'er forget.

I longed to crush her in my arms,
To kiss her swan-like neck;
I yearned to make of all her charms
A perfect blissful wreck.

At length I overtook my prize;
We twain were one in line;
She turned her head; her deep blue eyes
Sent hot thrills down my spine!

"Why, hello, Jack!" I heard her speak,
"I thought you were another."
I was a disappointed sheik:
For she was just my mother.

—H. F.

A. M. A. Bayonet

Published by First Platoon,
COMPANY "C"

Entered as second class matter at the
Post Office at Ft. Defiance, Va., under
the Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

BAYONET STAFF

- BUCKEditor-in-Chief
- ISAACAsst. Editor
- BARNESAsst. Editor
- HUMPHRIESAthletic Editor
- TROTTERSocial Editor
- BAIRDHumor Editor
- ALPHINTypist
- CERVONE, H.Typist
- Faculty Adviser
- CAPTAIN STOUT

Be 50-50

Why shouldn't we strive to please
Major Roller? It's easy. If we
please him, it's a cinch he will please
us, and what we want is to be pleas-
ed, no foolin'. The Major is one
hundred percent back of the old
saying, "You scratch my back and
I'll scratch yours." And what I
mean is, if we scratch his once, he'll
scratch ours twice.

Why shouldn't we decrease the
number of reports? The Major
would simply love that. All we have
to do to accomplish this is to be
good boys and work hard. Reports
mean penalty, penalty means work,
and I don't think an awful lot of
us are bubbling over with the desire
to work. Even if we try to be
good little boys, I don't think the
furnace room will run short of coal.
Let's be fifty-fifty with the Major.

The Major can do us some migh-
ty fine favors, fellows, and all it
takes is favors in return. We are
all civilized, and the old saying
"Every man for himself," doesn't
rate in this man's army. We men
have to stick together. Every man
has to think of someone besides
himself if he wants to get along.

Now, to get down to brass-tacks,
what we want is to please the
Major, so he will continue the
whole day holiday on Monday in-
stead of changing to half day Mon-
day and Thursday, that's fifty-fifty,
fellows, and if we treat him right,
he'll not take our Mondays from
us. Let's stick together and be
fifty-fifty with the Major.

A Valentine

By PATTIE STAIR
Oh, CHLOE, dear, 'tis very hard
To write your VALENTINE
With anything so sensitive
As this poor PEN of mine,
For when I dare to Hope that You
My faithful LOVE return,
The pen Red Hot with ardor
GLOWS,
And makes the paper BURN.
And if, that You My Suit Reject,
I ever chance to think,
That Pen with Fear turns Icy Cold,
And FREEZES up the ink.

UNSELFISH

Mary had a little lamb,
For which her warm heart throb-
bed;
She took it to a barber shop
And had it boyish-bobbed.
She sold its fleece, bought dad a
coat
Against the wintry breeze;
And, to protect her arms and legs,
She powdered her prim knees.

VIGILANCE

Visitor: "Why has you done
stopped up dat stove-pipe hole in
de wall an' run de pipe out de win-
dow, Uncle Joe?"
Host: "I is tryin' t' keep f'om
ketchin' de 'fluenza."
Visitor: "How is dat gwine t'
keep de mis'ry away?"
Host: "Well, I has been heahin'
all may life dat de flue's in de
chimbley, an' I isn't takin' no chan-
ces dese times, sho isn't."

Darling Brute:

You will never know how much
I miss you as I sit here alone on
the back-steps, listening to the
ground hogs whistling love melodies
to their mates in the moon-lit
meadows. It's so lonesome and dull
here you can actually hear owl's
hoot in the broad day light, and to
think that I have to endure all this
till June the fourth! Four months
of love sick agony. Just think of
it, Byron, for four months I will
not live but just barely exist, and
to have you here would pack that
four months with heavenly thrills.

Byron, the farm isn't the same
without you. The chickens have
nearly quit laying and Hortense
doesn't give us much milk now.
The pigs have gotten so skinny that
a wind storm blew three of them
away last night.

I am so glad to hear that you are
out for wrestling. The training will
strengthen your grip and improve
your milking ability. If you learn
enough holds you might be able to
ride Horatus this summer.

It's nine o'clock now, my darling
H— Cat, and I must go to bed, but
you can rest assured that my
thoughts will be of no one but you.
When I see you again the weeping-
willow will seem to smile and the
whole world will brighten. You
know who loves you more than any-
thing else in the world and Podunk.

Love me, please,
Evelyn.

STILL ON THE JOB

A peppy young flapper go-getter
Was killed when a trolley upset her.
In her mansion on high,
She would every day sigh,
"O Lord, let me go get a petter!"

SEEING THINGS

Bill saw the crossing, saw the train,
Saw the danger; still, he
Drove right on. Next day we saw
Bill holding a white lily.

Erin Go Bragh

BOZE: Mose, what is dem sham rocks what dese Irish folks am all de time braggin' 'bout?

MOSE: I isn't so sho, but dey must be de rocks St. Pat'ick done driv de snakes out o' Irelan' wid.

BOZE: Have dey done driv de snakes out o' dat land?

MOSE: Yeah, all de ripe ones.

BOZE: De ripe ones? Man, you's thinkin' 'bout Gawgia watehmelons, isn't you?

MOSE: Naw, I's thinkin' 'bout snakes; you knows some snakes am green.

BOZE: Dat's de Gawd's truf; an' mebbe St. Patrick do leave de green ones, foh dey calls dat land de Green Isle. But, Mose, what is dem she-laylees dey has in Irelan'?

MOSE: She-laylees? dey's de females o' de species.

BOZE: Yeah, o' cou'se; but what am de species?

MOSE: I suspose dat's what de Irish calls de flappehs dey has, sense dey says dese she-laylees is all oveh de islan'.

BOZE: Isn't you done got de she-laylees conglomerated wid de colleens?

MOSE: I isn't so sho; but, Boze, dat 'minds me, ef de Lawd have put one o' dem Irish colleens in de Gahden o' Edom, 'stead o' dat woman Ebe, what he makes f'om de rib he done distracted f'om Adam, we all wouldn't have t' earn our braid by de sweat o' our brow,

BOZE: How come we isn't?

MOSE: 'Cause dat Irish gal mighty soon pick up one o' dem sham rocks an' knock de debil out o' dat snake ef he try t' make huh eat dat apple, 'specially ef she don't want hit.

BOZE: Ain't hit de Gawd's truf! But, Mose, I heahs folks keep on talkin' 'bout Abie's Irish rose. What kind o' rose do he have, a green rose?

MOSE: Naw, dat ain't no rose what grow on bushes; hit mean Abie's Irish riz, dat am, he done got fightin' mad wid somebody.

BOZE: How come Abie's Irish riz?

MOSE: Well, he musta caught some drug store cake-atch makin' goo-goo eyes at his she-laylee, o', at ...least, pettin' huh.

BOZE: An' what do Abie do?

MOSE: I doesn't jes know; but de way folks talks about hit, I suspose he kilt de fool wid one o' dem sham rocks, o' cut his haht out o' him.

BOZE: Den I sho prays Gawd dat dat Mike Flavin's Irish rose isn't neveh gwine t' riz a'ginst me, isn't you?

MOSE: You done say a mouful dat time. An' I has jes come t' think o' hit, Mose: has you eveh seen a colored Irish gen'leman?

Confidential Replies

To

"The Sweet Young Things"

By AUNT PRUDENCE

Q. Is it quite proper for a young girl to kiss a young man the first evening she meets him?

A. Yes, dearie; never put off for tomorrow what you can do tonight.

Q. I am sixteen years old. How long should I wear my evening clothes?

A. Until you kiss your mother good-morning and get into your bed-room.

Q. Is it proper for a young man to propose to a girl on his knees?

A. No, it's dangerous; she might twist off his kneecap.

Q. Do you see any harm in kissing?

A. No; I always shut my eyes when in action.

Q. Do bachelors make good providers?

A. Yes, provided they remain bachelors.

Q. Are all men born free and equal?

A. Yes, but not a few get married.

Q. At what hour should a girl return home from a night joyride?

A. In time to eat a light breakfast before retiring for the day.

Q. Is it quite proper to stand in the hallway long enough to tell one's boy friends good-night?

A. Why stand in the dark? Are your friends weak-kneed?

Q. Do A. M. A. cadets know their onions?

A. I should weep, honey!

Q. Why is woman called the weaker vessel?

A. Her home anchor-chains are so easily broken.

Q. I fell in love with a young man, and I now find he is a bootlegger. What do you advise me to do?

A. Become a millionairess, dearie.

Q. I am sweet sixteen and have never been kissed. Am I not to be congratulated?

A. No; you are to be pitied, but don't give up all hope.

Q. I am an unsophisticated country lassie and I wish to know whether A. M. A. cadets are to be trusted.

A. Yes, indeed; whenever they are asleep.

BOZE: Neveh has.

MOSE: Dat's cur'us.

BOZE: Sho is.

MOSE: Good-night.

BOZE: Good-night.

Alumni News

The following alumni have been visiting here since Christmas:

Red Scott of 1918.

Neal, of 1929, who is now at V. P. I.

Finklehoff of 1928, who is now at V. P. I.

R. Stowe of 1929, who is now at V. M. I.

C. Roller of 1928, who is now at V. M. I.

M. Sprual of 1925.

C. Fanner of 1925.

Conway of 1928, who is wrestling the heavy weight at Averson.

Gray of 1929, is boxing light-weight on the Carolina Freshman.

Barber of 1925, is boxing heavy-weight for Virginia Frosh.

Payne, C., of 1929, is boxing middle-weight for Virginia Freshman team.

It may be of some interest to the Alumni to know that Payne, with five years of boxing has never lost a bout.

Marror of 1922 is now at Penn.

Jacobs is star forward on W. & L.'s championship team.

F. Fort of 1919.

Merrick of 1928 is now a star on the U. of Penn. boxing team.

Coleman of 1928 is now in the Plebe class at West Point.

Harris, C., of 1928, is on the W. & L. wrestling team.

Buck of 1927 is boxing in the 125 pound class at V. M. I.

LOST—A solid, 18-k gold, hand-engraved pocket flask containing about four ounces of genuine pre-Volstead Ky. Bourbon. Finder will receive a liberal reward by returning contents to S. O. S., Post Exchange. Keep flask. No questions answered.

"My, how fast your heart is beating. It sounds like a drum."

"Yes, that's the call to arms."

—Carolina Buccaneer.

Augusta Is Defeated

(Continued from page two)

the meet was a well fought battle that was put up by Bovee, which ended in a K. O. to his credit. Although this was the outstanding event, there were many other hard fought ones.

The events were as follows:

115 pound class—won by V. M. I. on decision.

125 pound class—won by A. M. A. on decision.

135 pound class—won by V. M. I. on a T. K. O.

145 pound class—won by V. M. I. on decision.

150 pound class—won by A. M. A. on decision.

175 pound class—won by A. M. A. on decision.

Unlimited class—won by V. M. I. on decision.

DOUBLE-DEALER

There was an undertaker,
Who, with an income ill,
Gathered up his savings
And bought a little still.
He now lives in a palace,
Calm as any Druid,
Collecting *post* and *ante*
For his embalming fluid.

THESE CHEMISTS

Landlord: This room was formerly occupied by a chemist. He invented a new explosive.

Prospective Boarder: I suppose those spots on the wall are results of his experiments.

Landlord: Well, indirectly, yes. You see, that's the chemist!

—Penn. State Froth.

"Jack said he'd kiss me or die in the attempt."

"Gracious! And did you let him?"

"Well, you haven't seen any funeral notices have you?"

—Texas Ranger.

Mustaches vs. Long Skirts

Together with the long skirt vogue, several members of our faculty have seen fit to contend with the feminine gender by endeavoring to grow eye-brows on their upper lip.

But, Oh! Gentlemen, we should have been prepared, for did not Captain Spindle know of this sad invasion before hand, certainly, and he grew on his lip, the warning of the coming catastrophe. But all in vain, for he had to stand alone, followed by none, in his daring enterprise—

When it seemed as if his labors had been in vain, Captain Patchel tried his best to follow the daring leader. Alas, although he put forth his best efforts, he was conquered, having just had an onion, by the long skirts. We feel sure that if he had heard of the notorious Bean Oil which is guaranteed to grow hair on billiard balls, his efforts would not have been so fruitless.

All in all, we are not to blame because just a few yards of cloth sewed on a short skirt prepares the ladies for battle. But the men must endure sleepless nights, days full of shame and anxious waiting, and possibly in the end, have to bow their heads in humiliation and defeat.

Gentlemen, two new heroes appear on the horizon. Wait, hold your breath. Almost over-night Captain Rhoderick has prepared himself for the battle, success is in the air. He is closely followed by Captain Ott. Are we going to lose? No! Major Brinkley has just offered his help by allowing all the "C" officers to join in the battle. Down with the long skirts! Long live the misplaced eyebrows! And if they get too wild, throw in some moustache cups to boot.

"Messconstrued"

"Doctah Roller," said Jackson, a colored gentleman of the vicinity who had been admitted to the good physician's office, "kin you all gib me a 'scription foh mah soon-t'-be bride? Eve'y time, after we dances a roun' o' two on de flooh when we goes to a ball, she jes' stops short off an' drops huh ahms an' pants."

"How long have you noted this trouble?" inquired the physician.

"So long, suh, dat hit sho' 'noys an' amba'asses me."

"Well," replied the doctor, "as to her dropping her arms, that is quite natural, and," he continued—reaching for his prescription blanks and writing a few words—"this, if properly filled and used, should remove the other trouble."

Jackson hurried out of the office and sought the nearest drug store, where he presented the prescription to the pharmacist.

"I am sorry," said the druggist, handing back the prescription, "that I am unable to fill this."

"How come, Misteh Druggis'—do hit call foh booze?"

"No," replied the smiling dispenser of drugs; "it calls for *suspensoids*!"

"De debil!" said Jackson; "Ah jes' bets dat docteh man done mess-construed what Ah don' tol' him 'bout dat gal o' mine!"

INNOCENT YOUTH

Once upon a time there was a fond mother who had a goose that laid every day a golden egg for her. But the goose suddenly went blind and died. The distressed woman cut the goose open hoping to find inside a mass of gold. She found, however, nothing other than is usually found in dead fowls, except a small quantity of bootleg liquor. Her boy, an innocent lad, had shared with the darling goose one

of his high balls.

MORAL: Mothers who have birds that lay golden eggs, should teach their children the danger of sharing their liquor with a valuable goose.

Society Column

The Cadet Corps and BAYONET Staff wish to offer to Captain Denton and Major Brinkley their most hearty congratulations in regards to their matrimonial dives. May all your troubles be little cadets, or little cadettes.

If the mid-winter hops turn out as planned they will be by far the biggest social events of the season. Elaborate plans have been made by the Cotillion Club for a formal dance to be given on Friday, February 14, and an informal Saturday, February 15. Music will be furnished by the Blue Devils who are widely known through this section. The attendance is expected to exceed 50 girls, while the entire cadet corps will be present. These dances are looked forward to with a great deal of interest.

HOPE

Hope is that which makes despair impossible! Hope promotes effort. Where there is no hope there is no effort. A man may be down, but he is never out unless he gives up hope. A man is never more than he hopes to be. It is true that a man is often less than he hopes to be. There is no excellence without great labor. There is no excellence where there is no hope for excellence. Despair is that which comes into a man after all hope is gone.

SO-CALLED CONCEIT

Self-admiration is not conceit. The truth is not conceit. A man who thinks a lot of himself is wise. A man who thinks a lot of himself and lets other people know he

thinks a lot of himself is conceited. If a man should say, "I think I am a handsome young man," it is not conceit, but truth. He does think he is a good looking man. There is no harm in his thinking it. But, if he should say "I am a handsome man," that would be conceit for he is taking it for granted that he looks just as good to others as he does to himself, and taking things for granted is the worst form of conceit.

Merrick at U. Pa.

Frank H. Merrick, former student of the Augusta Military Academy is among the undergraduates of the University of Pennsylvania who are members of the boxing squad at the University this season.

Merrick is enrolled in the second year class of the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce and in addition to boxing is active in football and a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity.

While studying at the Augusta Military Academy he was cadet lieutenant of a cadet corps and was a member of the varsity football, track, boxing and swimming teams.

Boxing is but one of the seventeen sports which are fostered by the University of Pennsylvania as part of its athletic program, and which each year attract almost 1600 students as candidates for teams. These efforts supplemented by an extensive system of intra-mural athletics brings the entire student participation in athletics to approximately 70 per cent of the undergraduate body thus ensuring to all the benefits of disciplined endeavor in this field.

And then there's the fellow who, after winning the marathon-dancing contest, and lasting two weeks in the chewing gum endurance contest, finally ended up by having the hic-coughs for 27 days.

Augusta's Winter Schedule

BASKETBALL

January 17—Draper	home
January 18—Benedictine	home
January 25—F. M. S.	home
January 30—Fork Union	at F. U.
February 1—M. M. A.	home
February 3—Greenbrier	home
February 4—R. M. A.	home
February 5—Emerson	home
February 8—E. H.	Charlottesville
February 10—S. V. A.	home
February 12—W. & M. Frosh	home
February 15—Bluefield C.	home
February 19—Woodberry	there
February 22—V. E. S.	Lynchburg
March 3—M. M. A.	there

SWIMMING

January 25—Mercersburg	home
January 28—M. M. A.	home
February 4—F. M. S.	home
February 8—Tome	home
February 11—R. M. A.	home
February 14—M. M. A.	there
February 18—F. M. S.	there
February 21—Va. Frosh	there
Pending—Central High	there
Pending—Devit Prep.	there
Pending—Greenbrier	there